

include book-binding, wood-carving, embossed leather work, hammered brass, clay modelling, basket work, needlework, &c.

In Swedish Gymnastics as well as in Card-board Sloyd and other handicrafts we note (*a*) the materials used are adapted to the strength of the individual, (*b*) they are graded in order of difficulty, (*c*) they must be interesting, and (*d*) that the best results are obtained by the concentration of the will.

Increased physical development necessarily demands as an outcome, some form of manual work. Concentrated animal force may become an evil, but provide a rational outlet and such force becomes a powerful factor in ethical progress.

To the brain-worker, the highly strung or physically delicate, the quiet influence of a handicraft is of great benefit—a delightful hobby, and a most restful recreation.

Brain energy can in some cases be stimulated only by means of increased activity of the fingers, and in these days of neurotics and highly strung persons of all ages, it is well for Educationists to realize how important a part Educational Handicrafts (based on a thorough knowledge of Card-board Sloyd) are likely to play in the treatment of normal as well as abnormal children.

The idea is borne in upon one, that in order to rightly carry out the spirit of the Ling System, more attention should be given to the careful articulation of the fingers in order that the mental powers may be further developed and strengthened.

It has been well said that some of us are "hand-brained," and thus dependent to a great extent on manual dexterity for mental activity. Others may seemingly require no such stimulus, in which case handicrafts should be considered in the light of restorative nerve tonics.

It will be interesting to know how far a Swedish Gymnastic Teacher would agree with such further development of a system which aims at producing "in each individual the highest possible degree of health and physical culture." The Teacher of Handicrafts sees a much greater advance in mental and moral force where the child is physically and mentally exercised on the splendidly sane lines of Peter Henrik Ling's Gymnastic System. Thus arises the natural question:—Would not trained Gymnastic Teachers add to

their scope of influence by taking Handicrafts as a Third Year Course? In this way not only gaining quiet recreative employment for themselves, but considerably increasing their professional value personally and pecuniarily.

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## NOTES IN NORWAY.

DEAR EDITOR,

Here is a somewhat late account of our summer holiday in Norway.

We were a large party, A to L, numbering nine souls, and Z was aged three.

We trained to Hull on the 8th July, 1904, and embarked on S.S. Monte Bello of the Wilson Line. She is rather a good boat as boats go, and is an artiste at rolling. On the way across we went through the famous fishing fleet—we saw no torpedo boat among them! There were a few birds—the common gull and others of that ilk. We arrived at Christiansand at night, so missed the beautiful coast with its many islets. Spent the night in Ernst's Hotel, which is not particularly interesting. Christiansand is quite a modern town, strictly geometrical; most of the houses are of wood, and look very clean and neat.

The next morning we started off in little open carriages drawn by two small horses (about 14'2) on a long 35 mile drive over hill and dale to our destination. The road was good, and the gradient very gradual with one or two exceptions. The dust was appalling—three inches of light granite powder which flew up all round us. The day was glorious, and though we were nearly eight hours on the road everyone was happy and cheerful. The first thing that struck us on leaving Christiansand and striking the woods



was the indescribably delicious scent of mingled pine, bog myrtle, juniper, and moss everywhere, and all the time we were in Norway the incense filled the air.

Our destination was the 3rd beat of the river Mandal, at one time an excellent salmon river, though for the last thirty years there have been so many nets across its mouth the salmon could not get up. Now, however, the nets have been bought off, and the fishing improves every season. The Mandal is a beautiful river almost as large as the Otteraa in the Saetersdal, which is the next valley. It consists of wide deep pools and lakes and narrow gorges where the water furious at its sudden confinement rushes and foams, sometimes dropping suddenly over a "foss," and sometimes forming dangerous rapids where the salmon love to lie.

The country through which we drove, and indeed wherever we went, was of a sameness that might have become monotonous had it not been so beautiful. Long ranges of hills spread out on each side everywhere, sometimes forming cliffs and sometimes enormous mounds of crumpled rock—nearly all granite and quite bare of grass. Here and there patches of heather or young trees sufficed to hide the rock, indeed the whole effect of the hills was one of patchwork. On the sides of the hills and in the valleys spread miles and miles of pine forest—the chief source of income of the farmers, whose tiny farms and few beasts do not yield much profit. Each farm has perhaps fifteen to twenty acres of arable land, certainly not more and generally less, I should say. The rest is timber; each landowner having a right to so much of the forest land.

We arrived at the time of hay harvest, and it was curious and instructive to see how the people hoarded every tuft of grass by the roadside and put it carefully into barns. We were much struck by the people's care of and affection for their horses. The Englishman's notion of getting the most out of a hired beast is naturally unpopular, and horses are not very easily obtained in many places.

On the way to Trygslund (the farm where we stayed) we saw many large pools covering peat bogs. I suppose they are formed by springs or the great autumn floods. These pools abounded in trout and in flowers of many kinds—water-lilies, white and yellow, and the delicate water lobelia, two spear-worts (lesser and prostrate). By the waterside grew

a violet of the most brilliant and beautiful blue. Rose-bay and purple loose-strife grew in profusion. In the marshes we found bog asphodel, drosera (rotundifolia), marsh cranberry, marsh cinquefoil, butterwort.

We arrived at our destination at about six o'clock in the evening. The house is typical of all the better houses in this valley; built of wood with a stone foundation, painted snowy white, with red tiled roof; in the middle a wide double door with steps leading up to it; at the other side of the house exactly opposite the front door, a back door exactly like the front one. Inside the front door a space almost large enough to be dignified by the name of hall. On each side of the hall a door leading respectively to sitting-room and dining-room; behind the dining-room the kitchen, and behind the sitting-room a little inner room, generally used as a living-room in the winter. In each room is a large stove, and each door has a draught board (excellent arrangement!) which trips up the unwary, but insures absolute comfort on windy days. The walls, ceilings, and floors are of wood painted with shiny paint warranted to stand any amount of scrubbing (which it gets!). The people look anything but clean, but in reality they are most scrupulously so. Our house was inhabited by farmer Trygslund until we came, and there was no trace even of stuffiness about it. All the clothes are washed in the river, even the men's trousers and women's stuff dresses.

There were about ten houses in our village of Nasaa all built after the same pattern, with out-houses painted red in imitation of the inner bark of the birch, which is the brilliant blood-red when first exposed. The children are jolly little creatures for the most part, with flaxen hair and blue eyes—always merry. They appear to keep holiday all summer and go to school in winter. We had a dear wee baby at the farm with the loveliest little face.

We found the language very easy to understand, and took pleasure in airing our few sentences at every opportunity. The farmer seemed to find great amusement in trying to talk English, of which he knew a few words. "Vell, my tear," he would say to his wife, just twenty times a day.

The national dress has disappeared almost entirely in this valley. We were amused to see the women making hay in gloves. They were much scandalised at our very short



skirts, mannish jerseys, and absence of gloves. The only attempt at costume the women preserve is the Torkel, a sort of kerchief which they wear over their heads.

It was seldom dark during the whole of our stay, and we were at first much disturbed by the people's habit of not going to rest until the small hours of the morning.

Our list of flora and fauna was not large. Many of the flowers were over, but those we found were exceedingly interesting. We could not find out the names of several. We found lily of the valley, two kinds of winter green, *pyrola media* and *pyrola minor*, *linnea borealis*, cranberry, *alchemilla alpina*, cow-berry (*empetraceæ*), golden-rod, eye-bright, dog-rose, *rosa mollis*, woodvetch, red and yellow rattle, eyebright, milkwort, several bedstraws, herb Paris, meadow-sweet, hare-bell, great bilberry, common bilberry, St. John's wort (two kinds), strawberry, raspberry and many others. One of the commonest was a compositous plant about 18 inches, stout, very hairy, and bearing three stout heads of ray and tubular florets, rather like a fleabane, but larger. Another plant was one with delicate leaves, something like a spurge, bearing bright red poisonous-looking berries, and having in the flowering stage a whorl of white leaves below curious looking black blobs which I suppose formed the inflorescence. Of birds we saw sand-pipers, several snipe-like birds, whinchats and several birds of that kind, hoodie-crows innumerable, widgeon, green wood-pecker, great gray wood-pecker, swift, martin, and others. There were a good many insects, the most conspicuous (I say it advisedly) being the horse-flies and mosquitoes. Most of us learnt the noble art of self-defence from dire necessity. Of horse-flies there were three kinds—a large speckled creature about half inch long at the least, with brilliant and most sinister green eyes most baleful to look upon, a deliberate monster who sat calmly down on one, took deliberate aim, and lanced a goodly hole in you, with its wicked head well down and tail up in the air. The result of this operation was usually a lump which sometimes assumed alarming proportions. Indeed, one of our party was obliged to stay in bed for several days, while her arm was terribly swollen from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers. There was also the common English horse-fly, and a medium-sized variety with black and white wings.

We found a large white butterfly with red eye spots and

curious iridescent wings, which were quite stiff and rustled as it crawled about; a purple emperor, and the caterpillar of the scarce vapourer moth. Of fish we found salmon (red-fleshed, which meant they were not fresh-run), sea-trout, grayling, smolt (young yearling salmon), trout and perch.

## CHILDREN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

"Beautiful friendship, tried by sun and wind,  
Durable from the daily dust of life."

There are many things in this century for which we have to be thankful, and not least is the increase of intercourse, though it has not yet by any means reached the standard we should wish. We need freer association on lines of common interest. Men, women and children need freedom to mingle on a human basis in their daily lives and occupations, and in this surely is the opening for truer companionship. We want more common meeting grounds where we could know each other better, and then cement our lasting friendships. We need to avoid mistakes in all things, especially in our choice of friends. Freedom is the chief ingredient in confidence, and we cannot have freedom in its widest sense without full unstinted intercourse. As regards our responsibility in children's friendships, we cannot choose for them, however much we wish to do it; it must be a free choice. They will make it so, even if we try to influence them, for friendship is a familiarity of nature's making. I will quote from a lecture given recently to a branch of the P.N.E.U., which conveys best what I would wish to express: "There is a factor in a child's life which we should, I think, handle very carefully. "It is friendships. Some of us do not care for great friendships; some of us—chiefly those who belong to the male sex—do not believe in them. But whether we do not care for them, or whether we disbelieve in them, they exist none the less for that. Ever since the days of that great and "ideal friendship which is *the* type of love and friendship



"joined in one, which was so vigorously opposed by King  
 "Saul, there have been affinities between boy and boy, girl  
 "and girl, which have resulted in a strong friendship, which,  
 "if it were opposed, yet would stand the test, and if denied  
 "public recognition, yet would live as a potent factor in life.  
 "Of this at least be sure: no disbelief, no ridicule, no  
 "checking will prevent the sailing of the ship of friendship.  
 "We cannot choose the friends—that is outside our depart-  
 "ment as the parent altogether. Our children's proper  
 "affinities can only be recognised—can only be found—by  
 "themselves. In the great market-place of the world friend-  
 "ship and marriage must be dealt with first hand, with the  
 "aid of no intermediary. We must leave 'the choice' alone  
 "for ever."

Further, our co-education schools are giving a great impetus to the breaking down of what has seemed hitherto an impassable barrier—friendship between man and woman. They work together and they play together—their interests are all in common; and we have advanced since the Olympic and tournament days, when the men played, and the women looked on when they were asked! And as men and women more freely mix together, so we shall increase the channels for the tide of humanity; for Cicero truly said, "Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and the dividing of our grief."

The freer and wider intercourse we give the children, the less risk will there be of "undesirable friendships," though I think they are more a bogey than a reality, and children, if they make one such, discover and dissolve it of their own free will. They must experiment in this as in other things, and experience is sometimes a painful teacher. There is nothing we could wish for them more than to realise—

"When jaded with rush and glare of the interminable hours,  
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,  
 When our world-deafened ear  
 Is by the tones of a loved one caressed—  
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,  
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again."

G. E.

## NORMANDY IN SEPTEMBER.

London, Brighton, Newhaven, Dieppe, Rouen to Caux, St. Valéry-en-Caux, Fécamp, Etretat, and Havre by rail, or Rouen to Havre by boat (*a*), Honfleur or Trouville, by boat or rail, Villers-sur-Mer, Beuzeval, Dives-Cabourg, Caen, Evreux, Paris, Louviers, Les Andelys, Rouen, Dieppe, Newhaven, Brighton, London, or vice versa. First Class, £3 17s. 4d.; Second Class, £2 18s. 4d.; available for one month.

A calm morning and drizzling rain promises a smooth sea passage for the sensitive sea traveller. Such a day we started from Victoria, taking additional comfort from the report of two newspapers, "Irish Sea and English Channel smooth." But alas! the papers do not always tell the truth; and in a very little time we were fully convinced of this. Newhaven was looking its dullest gray, and numbers hurried below before we started, and there were many who stayed on deck whom we wished below long before the voyage was half over.

Personally I am a prey to fear of drowning, and never feel the qualms of *mal de mer*.

To be precise: We had taken circular tickets from Cook's, and with these we could halt at any or every station en route. My companion and I had intended making our way to S. Valéry-en-Caux directly after reaching Dieppe. We changed our plans and elected to stay the night in Dieppe. It was the season; but Fortune favoured us when we reached the Hotel Normandie, which we had tried on another occasion, and we took the only vacant bedroom *au troisième*. Dinner put life into us, and we were re-assured by the friendly smile and greeting of the waitress. "Madame" was too much occupied with the cares of a full house to recognise us as previous clients, though I believe it dawned upon her later.

Sunday at Dieppe is very gay; in the morning we went to hear Mass, accompanied by the most beautiful orchestral music. In the afternoon everyone seems to walk or drive. Everything is so new and different from the melancholy form of many English Sundays, though the Continental is not *all* we could wish. On Monday we started for S. Valéry,